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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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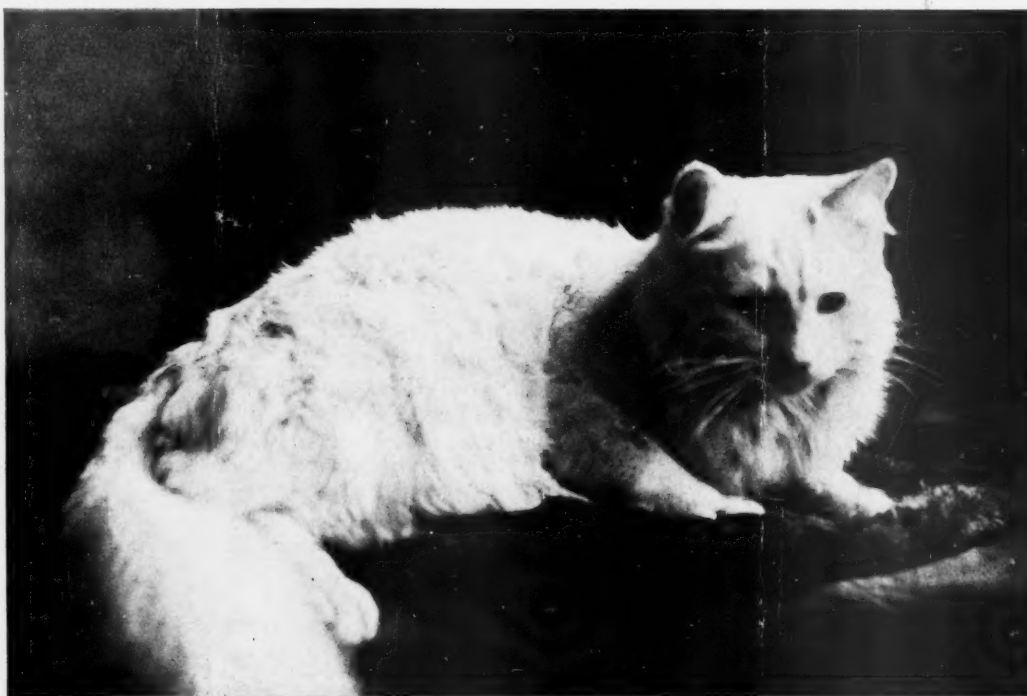
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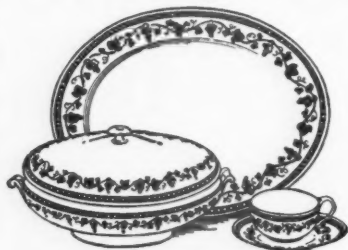
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The Massachusetts Society
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The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— COWPER



Vol. 49

Boston, October, 1916

No. 5

EVERY animal may safely ask for simple justice. It is man alone who must plead at last for mercy.

NO matter how great and unselfish your deed of kindness to another, the largest gain is within your own breast.

IF reports are true the perils to which young children are subjected in the preparation of films for moving pictures need, as doubtless they are receiving, the watchful attention of the children societies.

THESE words of President Wilson we commend to all thoughtful readers: "The example of America must be a special example, and must be an example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but because peace is a healing and elevating influence of the world, and strife is not."

GRATITUDE for escape from ills and evils which so far have not come nigh our dwelling, is quite as becoming as gratitude for blessings enjoyed. Many of us could well sing the Doxology daily in thankful recognition of the fact that we have escaped even the ill we have justly merited.

IT seems incredible now that a president, held in such sacred memory today as is Lincoln, could have been, while in office, so criticized, denounced, and reviled as he was, and that by men whose sincerity and integrity were beyond question. The heart of the people, however, in his own time was with him, and the heart of the people generally is right.

IT is a pleasure to know that the friends of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who went down with the *Lusitania*, are to use the money contributed for a memorial to him to erect a handsome horse-drinking fountain in Newport. Mr. Vanderbilt was a well-known horseman and his friends believe some tribute like this would please him best. Our hope is that the Rhode Island authorities will not become so obsessed with the idea that glanders is spread by horse-fountains that this one will be no sooner opened than an order will be issued to close it.

A CONFIRMATION

THE British Board of Agriculture is now claiming that one of the causes of the shortage of the beef supply throughout the United Kingdom is the "slaughter of calves, either immaturity or legitimately fattened." For years we have been saying that the wholesale slaughter of calves in this country would ultimately compel us to face a serious problem — the shortage both in the beef and milk supply. The dairy interests, in innumerable cases, have been drying up the springs of this industry at the fountain head. They want fresh-milk cows but they also want to be rid of the calves. Shut off ten million rivulets a year from any river and you're in for trouble along all its course.

F.H.R.

CLEVER FOWLS

A LETTER in *The Times* of May 29 chronicles a singular and very interesting fact. The writer's son had been stationed at a farm in France, and in a letter states: "We often hear the sound of a shell coming and yet there is no burst." Then he eventually traced this sound to the fowls in the farmyard — first to a hen, afterwards to a cock. They had learnt to make the noise since the war began; and the French farmer told him they often kept it up for a long time — surely a most curious instance of bird mimicry.

The above seems hardly credible. The average hen or rooster is seldom counted very intelligent. Dr. Herbert Snow, however, vouches for the above in *The Animals' Guardian*.

F.H.R.

THE MONEY-SAVING HORSE

THE National Biscuit Company, according to *Harness*, gives employment to four motor trucks and to more than 3000 horses. This is because a careful analysis of cost has shown them the horse is the best and cheapest for the work to be done. The same authority adds,

"With all conditions favorable, in experimental tryouts, with picked men to load and unload in double quick time, it has been demonstrated that a three-ton motor truck can do the work of three teams, but in actual practice, 1120 tons have been moved by horses at a cost of \$1080, as compared with \$1260 for the same weight on the same job moved by motor vehicles."

F.H.R.

PETS AND DISEASE

MUCH is being said at present about the relation of animal pets to certain diseases from which children particularly suffer. So far do certain extremists go that they suggest the practical extermination of the dog and cat. A large part of this extravagant denunciation of our pets as carriers of disease is so absurd that it needs no reply. No one, probably, will deny that a cat or dog coming in intimate contact with a person suffering from diphtheria or scarlet fever might easily transmit the malady to another person who otherwise would not have been exposed. But even ordinary people do not allow the family cat or dog in the room with a member of the family ill with a contagious sickness. There are a score of other ways by which the contagion may be spread very much more to be feared.

The so-called experts, often at their wits' end to account for conditions their science cannot solve, turn gladly to any possible cause of the baffling trouble upon which they may lay the responsibility. A campaign against dirt and insanitary surroundings begun before disease appears and carried on with the zeal with which a remedy is ultimately sought, would be evidence of a larger wisdom. For example, a crusade against the filth that breeds flies would yield far better results than the plan to pay school children so much a hundred for all the flies they can kill. Children need no such encouragement to become destroyers of higher forms of life.

We have the highest regard for science and for scientific men, but common-sense and one's knowledge gained by experience is still entitled to consideration. Children have been born and reared in homes where pets have always been a part of the family life, have grown up strong and rugged, have even escaped, with proper care, many of the diseases to which children are subject, and this will continue to be the history of the majority of families.

But beyond all this, the health is not life's one chief aim. The influence upon character and conduct of association with animal pets is of quite as much value to many a child as freedom from the slight risk involved in having such pets. Lovers of dogs and cats and horses need not be disturbed at the vain prophecy that these friends, companions and servants of mankind, are to be exterminated.

F.H.R.

The Rescue of the Buffalo

By WINTHROP PACKARD

THE rescue of the buffalo, more properly called bison, from extinction is a romance of that fight for conservation that goes on in this country with ever-increasing vigor. Very many species of useful and beautiful wild life are today threatened with extinction throughout the length and breadth of the land, yet comparatively few of our people realize this and fewer yet are willing to make personal sacrifices to save this wonderful heritage to the children of the future.

Scarcely a half century ago the buffalo roamed our western plains in almost uncountable numbers, from Canada to Mexico. To the red men who then roamed the plains with them they were an unfailing source of supplies, food, clothing, housing and fuel. To the white men of the region they were all these and represented also the wonder and romance of the primitive open world and the historic past. Cortez and his band of Spanish conquistadors were the first white men to see one. They found him confined in the menagerie at Montezuma's capital as a rare and wonderful animal from the untrodden wilds to the north, for Mexico City is three hundred miles south of the natural range of the bison.

"A wonderful composition of divers Animals," says the Spanish chronicler who described the specimen, referring to it as "the Mexican bull." "It has crooked Shoulders, with a Bunch on its Back like a Camel; the Flanks dry; its Tail large, and its Neck covered with Hair like a Lion. It is cloven-footed, its Head armed like that of a Bull, which it resembles in Fierceness and has no less Strength and Agility."

In 1612 Englishmen saw bison near what is now the city of Washington, D. C., and after that date they were more commonly seen roving throughout various portions of what is now the United States, and occurring in some parts in immense herds. The open region of the Mississippi Valley, where the land was un-forested but well watered, was the true buffalo range. There the early explorers found the

animals in such numbers, in herds of such size, that only superlatives could be used in attempting to describe them. "Teeming myriads," "countless herds," "incredible numbers," are favorite phrases, which can give only an inadequate idea of the extraordinary spectacle often presented. It has been estimated that on the plains alone were forty million, on the prairies thirty million, and in the wooded sections five million, a total of seventy-five millions of these superb animals, a wonderful heritage, scattered over an area of some three million square miles.

Looked at from an economic point of view here was a marvelous source of free food, fur, leather and other products that might easily have been conserved as an unfailing supply to help lessen today's high cost of living. The Indians of the earlier days thus utilized the herds, their inroads upon them for meat and skins in no wise equaling the natural increase. Then came the white men, supplying the wandering tribes first with horses and later with firearms, and the decrease in the numbers of the buffalo began. Yet even this did not presage extinction. But when the railroads crossed the plains, giving the white hunters easy access to the hitherto distant and inaccessible places, and the vast rush to slaughter for the hides alone began, the end was in sight. It took the buffalo too long to learn the meaning of a rifle shot and the danger of man's presence, and when they did learn it, in part at least, it was too late.

A buffalo "robe" today is a curiosity, hardly to be obtained and worth, in good condition, perhaps a hundred dollars. Fifty years ago one or two were in every farmer's sleigh, and they could be bought for only a few dollars. Yet no finer robe for warmth and comfort could be found. The ruthless robe-hunters at the rail-heads on the western plains were slaughtering the great animals by the thousand, taking merely the pelts and leaving the carcasses to rot or feed the vultures where they fell.



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

A SOLITARY SPECIMEN OF A ONCE MIGHTY RACE

DOWN AND OUT

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

*He is old and bony, feeble and worn,
With a halting gait and a drooping head;
Day by day from the sunlit morn
Till nightfall his plodding hoof-beats tread.*

*His driver a boy with an urging whip,
Thoughtless, unconscious, with youthful zeal,
Holding the reins with a jerking grip
That pulls on the grinding bit of steel.*

*The crowd goes its idle or busy way;
Who cares for a horse that is lame and old?
There's never an hour in the busy day
But one is beaten or one is sold.*

*The proud high-stepper, — ah, mark him well!
Nor fail to note as you pass him by,
His arching neck and his nostrils' swell,
His pawing hoof and his flashing eye.*

*It may be the wreck that you see today
Was once in a harness like his as bright;
He may have stepped in the selfsame way,
Proudly erect and with footstep light.*

*Yet someone sold him to be a slave;
To be lashed, ill-treated, ill-fed; — no doubt
Somebody loved him, sometime, but now
He's just a horse that is down and out.*

Thus the buffalo passed with amazing and disconcerting suddenness, and thus much of our wild life is passing today, unnoticed in its going by the thoughtless crowd. Even of those who knew, not many could believe that such amazing numbers could pass from the face of the earth so rapidly. Now only a few scattered remnants remain, here and there, mainly on reservations where they are carefully protected under governmental supervision.

That we have them at all is due to a few large-hearted men who formed the American Bison Society and generously gave funds and valuable time to the work of preservation. That there are today in the world several thousand bison, slowly increasing in number, is due entirely to the philanthropic and humane activities of these men. There were but a few hundred buffalo left when the work began, and it is rarely that a race has reached such small numbers and had the opportunity and the vitality to survive and increase. For a race of wild creatures to fail almost utterly, passing in little more than a century from seventy-five million to a few hundred, is extraordinary. That there should be brought about an increase from the few hundred to several thousand in little more than a decade, is still more unusual.

In our country twenty-seven States today have buffalo, ranging in number from a solitary specimen or two in a zoological park to a few score or a few hundred in a State reservation. Canada has nearly thirteen hundred in three large reservations and it is estimated that in far northern Athabasca are four to five hundred roaming the wilderness unrestrained. There may be, altogether, 3500 to 4000.

In the United States many of the buffalo are closely confined, but most of the larger herds roam the ranges as free and far more safe than their wild progenitors, always owing their safety, of course, to the watchful care of the same human race that came so near exterminating them. The world changes for the better, and in no wise are these changes more marked than in the fact that man, the destroyer, is steadily becoming man the conservator and protector of the wild life that once he so ruthlessly destroyed.

Some Squirrel Biography

By DR. R. W. SHUFELDT

Illustrations from photographs from life by the author

THERE are hundreds of different species of rodents in the world, but of all of them probably no family has won more hearts among our own kind than have the squirrels. The reason for this is not far to seek; for in every section where they occur they add life to the woods and forests. Their habits are most interesting, and they are handsome little creatures, easily tamed and very affectionate when properly treated. In my life-time I have kept as pets both black and gray squirrels, as well as a little red one. I have kept flying squirrels, and the big fox squirrels of the middle West and South, not to mention chipmunks; several Western species, as the large tree squirrels of Arizona and New Mexico, and various others.

and their ears were strikingly ornamented with jet black tufts of long, straight hair.

Not far from where I saw these interesting animals, I passed into a deep cañon, and there I noticed another species of big squirrel, scampering over the sides of the lofty wall of rock. It was the Arizona squirrel — not a tree species — while my first discovery was Abert's squirrel, named for Colonel Abert, one of our early western explorers. My sons captured one of the Arizona species, and I sent it all the way to London as a present to the Zoölogical Society at Regent's Park; it was the first living example ever seen in Europe.

In Washington, the common gray squirrels are not only becoming very abundant within the city limits, but they are to be found in great

remarkable for the extent of the numbers — was in progress. When we were in the region of Marietta, we saw hundreds — perhaps thousands — of these creatures in the water, making for the southern or Kentucky shore. In all cases, we only saw the nose above water; many were dead and drifting down the stream; many were on the Ohio side, hesitating upon the banks, or resting on the trees, while we could see hundreds on the Kentucky side creeping exhausted upon the sandy banks, where, sad to relate, were men and boys with clubs ready to dispatch them. Similar accounts have often been given; the march of far greater numbers has often been witnessed, but the cause of such strange movements is hidden in mystery."



COMMON RED SQUIRREL



THE BLACK SQUIRREL FROM FLORIDA

It is not generally known that there are, in the North American fauna, upwards of, if not quite, an hundred different kinds of true squirrels, with perhaps three times as many more of close relatives, as flying squirrels, chipmunks, and their near kind. Truly it is a wonderful series, and they inhabit various regions, all the way from northern Canada and sub-boreal regions down to the Canal zone.

Once, many years ago, I was exploring a little known forest in the mountainous region of northwestern New Mexico, when I noticed, in a tree of no great size and almost leafless, a big squirrel that I had never seen before in all of my travels. Upon closer inspection I discovered that there were three of them, and they were, without exception, the finest specimens of squirrels known to me. They were much larger than our common gray squirrel of the East, and far handsomer. Their under-parts were snowy white, bounded on the sides by a conspicuous black stripe. Above, the color was a light French gray, tinged with chestnut down the middle of the back. Their great tails were very showy,

numbers in the timbered sections in the immediate environs. They are very tame in all the parks, and some of the oldsters will come right up to you as soon as you seat yourself on a park bench, either standing at your feet begging for peanuts, or, as I have seen in one or two instances, cautiously exploring your coat-pockets for them.

It is a well-known fact in squirrel-lore that these very gray squirrels in nature occasionally migrate in enormous numbers; thousands upon thousands of them band together and cross the country from one region to another. At such times they will stop at nothing in their path; even a sizable river, such as the Ohio for example, will not alter their chosen line of travel, for the great army boldly takes to the water, and hundreds of them are drowned in their attempts to reach the opposite bank. This is why we sometimes hear the gray squirrel referred to as the migratory squirrel. Personally I have never witnessed one of these extraordinary migrations, but an authority at hand says: "In October, 1833, as I was descending the Ohio in a steamboat, one of these migrations — though not

There is a beautiful black variety of this common gray squirrel, and specimens of it are now frequently to be seen in the National Zoölogical Park in Washington, where they are left at large to live in the trees in that very extensive preserve. We also have a fine black squirrel in the South, and a number of years ago I succeeded in getting some beautiful photographs of it. One of these illustrates the present article.

A great many different kinds of red squirrels are found in various sections of the United States and Canada, or even in the highlands of northern Mexico. In captivity these are great favorites, though I do not think they tame as easily as the gray ones, nor are they as affectionate by nature. They are very cute little animals, however, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration of a fine male, from a photograph that I took a number of years ago. It is said that in nature they will eat the eggs of birds or even the young, and I believe the story has been substantiated pretty thoroughly by this time, though I never saw an example of

such a habit myself. This is the common tree squirrel of the northeastern section of the United States, and is familiar to nearly every one. Different varieties of them occur in nearly all other parts of the country, designated by different sub-specific names. In some respects it resembles the common squirrel of Europe; but it lacks the "ear-tufts," and it is lighter colored on the under-parts.

Nearly all of our tree squirrels build nests of twigs and leaves, high up in the forks of trees. Occasionally, however, both the red and the gray squirrel will build in some hollow of a tree, or in the deserted hole of the golden-winged woodpecker. The red squirrel has been known to build in an outhouse on the farm, and in such places will often line its nest with hen-feathers, which it will gather about the barn-yard. If knocked out of a tree and he falls into the water, the red squirrel quickly demonstrates his natorial powers; for, although the animal does not in the least like that element, he is, nevertheless, a good swimmer as well as diver. In some parts of the country these red squirrels are called "chickarees," and they also have had other names bestowed upon them. They understand most thoroughly how to take care of Number One; and of all our squirrels they are probably the most lively and dextrous, and they are very shrewd withal.

Fortunately, our red squirrel is not especially in favor for the table, and consequently he goes scot-free, in so far as the gunner and trapper are concerned. As a result, we frequently see him in the woods, where he is always an object of interest, and is "really a beautiful example of that combination of grace, vivacity, and energy which characterizes his genus," as an old naturalist of the last century wrote about him.

Red squirrels are never deterred by the weather; and in New England I have seen them in the pine woods not only during the heated months of summer, but also when snow was deep on the ground, with the mercury bobbing around the zero mark. At such times I have stood and listened with pleasure to their lively barking, while the kinglets and the chickadees gave vent to their well-known notes overhead, among the snow-covered limbs of the larches.

During the summer months the chickaree will occasionally partake of fruit in orchards, or sometimes of young, sweet corn in the fields; as autumn comes on, he will eat various kinds of seeds. Later, the time of plenty arrives, and then he industriously lays up for winter a store of all kinds of nuts, generally selecting hazel-nuts, walnuts, chestnuts, and sometimes butter-nuts. All these various kinds he hoards away in hiding-places of different descriptions, sometimes simply under piles of leaves or in shallow burrows in the ground, but sometimes in safe places in hollows of trees, or even in cavities in fallen logs on the ground.

Our red squirrel will often commence laying in these stores before the nuts are actually ripe. They gather them during the early morning hours by gnawing off the stems and allowing the nuts to fall to the ground. When a good supply has thus fallen, the cunning little harvester will descend to the ground, make his breakfast off as many as he desires, and then proceed to store away the remainder. At this time of the year he is not so careful about the selection of his hiding-places, and he may only partially cover what he collects with earth and leaves; so that, in forests where pigs and hogs roam at large, one or more of these animals may root out and devour in a very short time what the poor squirrel has taken many, many mornings to store away for the winter. However, as the

cold weather comes on, our chickaree becomes more cautious; and, as there is no end to his industry, he may gather together, in some of his storing places, a bushel or more of ripe hickory nuts. In some cases I have found as much as a peck of splendid, ripe chestnuts; but upon such occasions I have never disturbed the "find," as the act would make me feel quite as uncomfortable as though I had robbed a bank.

There are hundreds of different kinds of squirrels in the world, and they are found in nearly all quarters of the globe, save in Australia and in the North and South Polar regions. Some are as large as full-grown cats and superbly colored, as the great black, yellow, and red squirrels of the coast of Malabar and the Island of Ceylon. Some of the squirrels of Africa are most interesting species, as are those of Madagascar and elsewhere.



AN EARLY LESSON IN KINDNESS

PIGS

BY J. GRASSICK, M. D.

THAT pigs are not callous to kindness is evidenced by the following incident: A large hog was being taken to a fair for exhibition purposes. It was necessary to use a good deal of force to get him into the exhibition pen and during the process he became wild and unmanageable and with mouth agape rushed at one of the attendants, knocked him down and inflicted a severe gash in his leg. If the man had not been quickly rescued he would certainly have lost his life. After this the hog became entirely uncontrollable and with bristles set would make a dash for any one approaching his enclosure. It became a matter of great concern to know what to do with the beast. At this juncture an old attendant approached the pen and the animal reared up and with eyes darting fire looked the very embodiment of anger. "Hello Joe, what's the matter with you?" called the man. The beast looked at him in wonder, the bristles gradually went down and a kindly grunt seemed to say — "Oh nothing." A hand was placed over his back, a few soothing scratches were given and received with gratitude, in a short while Joe was lying down oblivious of his surroundings. There is hope even for a pig if given a square deal.

THE REFLEX INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS UPON INDIANS

BY REV. JAMES L. HILL, D. D.

ONE half of the town in which my father labored as a missionary was burned by Indians. From these "bronzed stoics of the woods" on the war-path, I have heard the blood-curdling "wa-hoo," the voice rising through an octave from the beginning of the first syllable to the ending of the last. It is awakening, electrifying, hair-lifting. Repeatedly have I been startled on looking up from the table to see an Indian brave staring in at the window. Such terror was struck into my soul, that, as I sit here, I can close my eyes and still see the wearer of the eagle's feathers. When deep and just opprobrium is cast upon Indian traders I have to remember that I have been one of them. Officers of the court have committed Indians to me to be in my care. Only last winter I traveled throughout the day, alone in their company. I recite this, as an indication that I know Indians. They have lacked for generations the qualities that are developed through the care of animals. They have always made war against them.

When the buffalo failed, and the government prevented starvation by issuing rations of beef, the wild Indian preferred to have the creatures turned loose that he might run them over a precipice or shoot them when in rapid motion. The business of raising cattle and horses and sheep develops the element most needed in the Indian's composition. Besides stimulating his love of property, the work interests the whole family. The squaws, accustomed to work, render efficient aid in many ways, and the papooses cannot help developing a fondness for the young of the herd. On approaching an Indian tepee or shack, if one finds any young animal that stands in the relation of a pet to any member of an Indian family, a person has the right to assume that the work of civilization has begun. When the Indian becomes a stock-raiser he puts himself into personal relations with the law, and I hail with joy and with new hope a business which enables the Indian to sever tribal relations and stand as an independent citizen before the law. The statute respecting identification of cattle protects the interests of the Indian and adds to the value of his creatures and to his security.

Isolation on a reservation is no longer desirable for the Indian, who has been neither a citizen nor a foreigner. Individual ownership is to him both an incentive and a restraint. We are done with Indians, our problem is with citizens. On the occasion of one of my visits to an Indian school, a rabbit darted out of the bushes and was espied by the Indian youngsters and the school-room was vacated instantly except by the teacher. The school was afoot in track of the rabbit. A motion to adjourn seemed always in order. In a common school, with children of both white and copper-colored parents present, the young Indians seemed to learn most from the conduct of their associates.

A visit to such a school by Mary's far-famed little lamb, and the relation which is said to have existed between Mary and the lamb, would be to papooses a kindergarten lesson, looking towards civilization, which either education or religion would find it difficult to surpass.

MISS GREEN — "Of course, you can't believe everything you hear."

Miss Gadleigh — "Oh, no; but you can repeat it."

"CAPTAIN GYP"

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE

FROM over seas, where war's alarms
Strike terror to the souls of men,
This pleasant little story comes
Straight from a British soldier's pen —
A tale that serves to make us smile,
War's horrors to forget awhile.

Within the hospital's grim walls,
Whose doors are always opened wide,
A little dog was seen to pass,
An ugly gash in his poor side —
Weak, faint, with suffering nearly spent,
Straight to the source of help he went.

Though dumb, his pleading eyes besought
The aid bestowed on suffering man,
And undenied, his wound well dressed,
Away the little fellow ran.
For several days he thus appeared
For help, until his hurt was healed.

Just as a bit of pleantry,
The sergeant, quite in proper style,
Entered the case in his report
Of sick and hurt, to place on file:
The name he gave, with humor sly,
Was "Trooper Gyp, Eighth D. L. I."

"Admitted into hospital —
Shell wound in side," the entry read,
And homeless Gyp, with gratitude
That knew no bounds, was housed and fed;
The freedom of the house and grounds
Was his upon his daily rounds.

"Which of you men is Trooper Gyp?"
The officer one day thus spoke;
From all the sick chaps sitting round,
No answer. To explain the joke
The sergeant came in haste just then;
And loud the laughter of the men.

"Doggy's Light Infantry!" Thus Gyp,
A well loved trooper of the same,
Took up his quarters with the guard;
So faithful, soon promotion came
To higher rank, and that is why
He's "Captain Gyp, Eighth D. L. I."

WAR will eliminate itself. By the next
centennial, arbitration will rule the world.

SHERIDAN

Educating the Dog

By A. L. BENEDICT, A. M., M. D., Editor *Buffalo Medical Journal*

TO a considerable number of persons, kindness to animals seems to mean not letting them suffer unduly from hunger and thirst, not beating them unmercifully, not exploring their vital processes without an anesthetic. The word ought to have the same broad and positive meaning as for a child. For instance, after several persons had remarked on the fact that my dog, though fed at the table, was not troublesome in his demands, that he would allow a bone to be taken from him without growling, that at picnics he kept away from the plates and baskets, that his appetite was not voracious and that he wanted only a reasonable quantity even of a delicacy, would refuse more meat and take cake and refuse cake and candy after a few pieces, it occurred to me that the rule of kindness had practical results as well as sentimental. The dog knew that he could always have enough food and a moderate quantity of delicacies and, it must be confessed, that, from occasional misjudgment on his own part and that of his supposedly more intelligent guardians, he had learned the unpleasant effects of overeating.

The need of water on a hot day is sometimes not appreciated by human beings. Dogs are naturally more active and they have no sweat glands, thus being compelled to reduce heat by evaporation only from the tongue. A dish of water should always be accessible and, in traveling, water should be offered every few hours. Even a young dog will recognize the association of plumb, a pitcher, or a pump, with drinking water, in a strange place.

It is difficult to understand why a dog should be trimmed and mutilated in accordance with artificial standards. If the natural length of the ears and tail is displeasing to any particular taste, let another breed be chosen that complies with the demands. In short, let the dog alone, to enjoy his own anatomic and physiologic developments.

Most dog owners complain of the destructiveness of dogs, especially during puppyhood. By taking pains always to keep bones and such simple toys as balls, sticks and wads of paper handy and not to put temptation in their way unduly, my dogs have grown up with no damage charged to them of any consequence. The present one was never punished for tipping

over waste-paper baskets and scattering their contents, but he gradually outgrew this amusement and when, as occasionally happened, he found a collar in the basket, he would bring it carefully to his master and would not tear it until given explicit permission. It seems not unreasonable to assert that such discrimination between the collar and the ordinary contents of the basket indicates not merely intelligence but a moral sense.

My dogs have never been trained to perform tricks although most of them have learned a few from other persons or have picked up some simple expressions equivalent to our word *please*. Vaudeville stunts, human or animal, are no criterion of intelligence, and the usual amateur tricks of dogs are only slightly less tedious than dancing and speaking pieces by children. I can't help feeling toward those who train dogs to earn a living for their masters by performing stage tricks, as I do toward those who commercialize their children in the same way.

While, off-hand, it seems ridiculous to talk to dogs as to human beings, almost everyone who has had any experience with the education of the former, feels that it is an important item. The puppy very soon learns to recognize his master's voice; then — if one can judge by expression — to comprehend that his master is trying to communicate with him, although he cannot catch the meaning any more than we can understand a foreign language; ultimately, any intelligent dog somehow manages to comprehend at least simple ideas communicated by spoken language. Frequently a dog does things that apparently indicate a very complete comprehension of elaborate ideas. Perfectly authentic and numerous instances are on record of so wonderful an apparent understanding of spoken language that one scarcely knows whether to accept them as real or to explain them as coincidences. There can be no question, however, that the term "dumb animal" as applied to dogs, must be taken in the literal sense of inability to articulate and not in the inclusive sense of lack of understanding of language.

Generally speaking, the intonation of all animals that are not voiceless, is strikingly similar for any given primal emotion — and this includes man. But dogs understand much more than the intonations of human speech; they unquestionably have a very considerable vocabulary in the receptive sense. I remember one dog that seemed to understand the trend of conversation addressed to him, even when the intonation was purposely made to correspond to a very different sense. For instance, when spoken to in the blandest and kindest tones possible but in uncomplimentary language, he would first wag his tail, then assume a puzzled expression, and finally slink away with his tail between his legs. It is a conservative estimate that any average dog understands at least ten or twenty words, including common and proper nouns, adjectives and verbs. That they understand the words themselves and not merely the general trend of an idea, is shown by numerous instances — which would probably be practically unanimous if the experiment were made — proving that a dog trained in one human language does not understand another human language except by the same process of re-education required for a human being.

While some dogs are naturally rovers and others stay-at-homes, almost any dog can be taught to run away by tying him and by harsh



A QUIET MOMENT IN TWO BUSY LIVES

treatment, although dogs, more frequently than human beings, manifest the tendency to love those who maltreat them. Being a civilian, I have never tried to enforce military discipline with a dog. My dog is not trained to walk at my heels but to keep somewhere within a reasonable distance and not under any circumstances, to cross a street or road except when carried as a puppy or personally conducted and guided by traffic signals now that he has passed his first year. On account of the obvious danger, passing beyond the curb is one of the few offenses for which he has been whipped. Except very occasionally when absolutely necessary, he has never known the restraint of a leash and even when it is attached, we take pains not to drag him by it but always to guide him by voice. Indoors, he has the freedom of the house. He is not compelled to stay with anyone in particular but, even at some inconvenience, a door is opened at his request. The result is that he does not run away, does not hide—except in a very open way as a protest against such ordeals as a bath—is almost always near a human friend and, unless very tired or unless the weather is very bad, ready to accompany us anywhere. On the other hand, when it is necessary to leave him alone, he accepts the inevitable dejectedly but with good grace, destroys neither property nor the peace of the neighbors and knows that his hearty welcome will be reciprocated on our return.

FINE HORSES THE ATTRACTION

IN the driveways of our largest cities the automobile attracts no attention whatever, and those who occupy the seats often have an appearance of martyrs to their environment. The fact that they are begoggled and beswathed with unattractive attire excites more of a feeling of pity than of envy, states a writer in *Harness Herald*.

Those who love comfort rather than speed and the opportunity to get some idea of the outlying districts rather than to catch a dim glimpse of them as they flash past still cling to the horse.

There was a time, not so long ago, when the automobile attracted more attention than the horse. Many retail business firms used automobiles for the delivery of goods more because of the advertising value of the outfit than for any other reason. Now no more attention is paid to an automobile than to a street car.

On the other hand, a fine pair of horses or a single horse, well harnessed, well groomed and seemingly conscious of beauty and strength, attracts decided attention in the large cities.

THE HORSE WOUNDED IN BATTLE

O FRIEND of Man! O noble creature,
Patient and brave and mild by nature,
Mild by nature, and mute as mild,
Why brings he to these passes wild
Thee, gentle Horse, thou shape of beauty?
Could he not do his dreadful duty
(If duty it be, which seems mad folly),
Nor link thee to his melancholy?

LEIGH HUNT

THE gospel has but a forced alliance with war. Its doctrines of human brotherhood would ring strangely between the opposed ranks. The bellowing speech of cannon and the baptism of blood mock its liturgies and sacraments.

CHAPIN

ANOTHER "GREYFRIARS BOBBY"

IN a cemetery at Fultonham, Ohio, a dog has kept vigil over his master's grave for five years. Little is known of this lonely dumb mourner except that he followed the funeral procession to the grave of George Baker, a farmer who lived somewhere outside the town, and ever since, when night comes on, he goes to the graveyard and lies on the mound that marks his master's resting-place.

The dog is now known as "the cemetery dog." He is timid and does not care to make friends. The cemetery trustees permit him to go and come as he sees fit and no one now tries to coax him away. Like the famous Greyfriars Bobby who watched and mourned at the grave of his dead master for fourteen years, the Fultonham dog seems likely to spend the rest of his life in this same strangely sad manner.



ENGLISH SETTERS, "JAKE" AND "JOE"

Owned by Mrs. Clarissa Rowe of *The Western Canadian*,
Manitou, Manitoba

ASKING THE POLICE TO HELP

WE print below what one of our enthusiastic friends writes us he does to prevent cruelty to animals, and recommend it to all of our readers:—

"I make friends with the majority of policemen. I talk humane work to them, and have found several who are interested in the cause. I ask them to keep both eyes open for any cruelty to animals. On several occasions they have admonished drivers for me. Naturally, when cruel drivers know the police are watching them, they will be more humane, and I think this an excellent way to prevent cruelty to animals, as policemen are in a position to help the cause, they being on the streets at all hours of day and night."

THE PASSING OF LILLY, THE FILLY

By REV. WILLIAM A. ROBINSON, D. D.

President Ohio Humane Society

THERE were marvels of breeding, cross breeding and training, which evolved from the three-toed horse of geology—the type of racers represented by "Maud S" and the draft-horses of Normandy. And so essential did they become, as the millenniums slipped away, as the servant friend, as the companion in labor to the whole human race, that it has seemed that nothing could displace or supersede them. In war and peace, to barbarism, paganism, and civilization, they have been regarded as an indispensable asset. They have pranced in story with Don Quixote's "Rosinante" in the lead. They have figured in the making and marring of nations—as the whinny of his horse gave King Darius his crown—and the famous "Bucephalus," of Alexander, helped him to win, to hold, and to enjoy his empire. Indeed, the emergencies and necessities of life have often justified the cry of King Richard when he shouted, "A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse." And more than once has the old story been verified,

"For want of a nail, a shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe, a horse was lost;
For want of a horse, a rider was lost;
For want of a rider, a Kingdom was lost."

The charge of the "black horse cavalry" has won more victories in the fields of peace, than on the battle-fields of war, and in the relations of friendship than in those of enmity.

As the old family horse ends his days the children weep to see him led away, but there is one horse so far as The Ohio Humane Society is concerned, which is to it "the survival of the fittest." She is to us as the "last rose of summer." For twenty years our "Lilly" has served us. In fair weather and in foul she has been sped to the relief of her own race in distress. She has hastened to the rescue of neglected, abused and homeless children. She has been rushed downhill and uphill at midnight or noonday. She has never failed to respond to service. The embodiment of gentleness—she has been our never failing "trusty." A beautiful bay, she has not only been gold on the surface, but worth her very weight in gold. She has been the friend of man and beast, and all that she has gotten out of it has been simply her keep. But her days of service are over, and now because of what she has been, as a faithful servant, it becomes our pleasure to place her on the pension list, not only because it is her due, but that thus our great Society may give to the world an example of how every faithful old horse should be cared for and honored in his sunset days. And though henceforth by means of our auto we shall be able to do more and quicker service for man and beast, we shall never forget the kindly eye, nimble step, the affectionate whinny of "LILLY," "the girl we left behind us."

THE fears of the pacifists:

Not Wars, but wrongs.
Not Injury, but injustice.
Not Blood, but barbarism.
Not Death, but hatreds.

—Advocate of Peace.

WHAT A HORSE STRIKE WOULD MEAN

CARL N. KENNEDY of the Oregon Agricultural College, presents this interesting subject in the *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago, as follows:—

The railroad difficulty now confronting the nation leads one to think of the effect that a strike would have upon the wheels of commerce. We might make a similar comparison of the result if the horse could use horse-sense and start a strike because of its wrongs and poor feed.

There are more than 24,000,000 horses in the United States, of which 3,000,000 are used in cities. Associated with these 3,000,000 city horses are about 1,500,000 teamsters and freight movers who would be made idle by the strike of the horses. The business of the stock-yards, the transfer companies, railroads and the steamboats, with all manner of construction work, would be thrown into chaos. It is estimated by automobile men that from two to three per cent. of the work is now being done by trucks. Therefore at least 95 per cent. of the hauling would not be taken care of and 1,000,000 men would be put out of employment, either directly or indirectly by the absence of the horses.

On the farms the condition would be even worse. Of the 21,000,000 horses on farms probably 50 per cent. are used for work and the other 50 per cent. are idle or growing horses. What would be the result if the 10,000,000 or more horses which are working in the United States would stop work in the middle of our harvest? The wheat market would be affected to a greater extent than by the European war. If the animals which are at work with the hay or other crops would quit, millions of farmers would be thrown temporarily out of work. The result would be tremendous even as compared to what a probable railroad strike might mean. The horse strike would stop the productive end of the work and also the larger part of the movement of freight.

In addition to the horses, there are 4,000,000 mules in the United States. It can be imagined that these would strike in sympathy with the horses, as they are half horse. Then again our army in Mexico might have some trouble.

Where would the strike lead the horses and their sympathizers? No-where in particular, except to make the people of the United States realize that they are still dependent upon the horse and that horses are doing most of the work. It might also put under the sod some of the prophets who are predicting a day when there will be no horses; the people would know that at least their idea was dead.

*IT is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher.
Make straight that highway for our God.
From "The Wine Press," ALFRED NOYES*

THE WORK-HORSE

BY DANIEL BRADLEY ROCHE

*Plodding along in the burning heat,
Hauling his load, through the city's street,
Working from sunrise, to close of day,
With merely a bite to eat as pay.*

*Plenty of harsh words greet his ear,
Few of the kind ones come to cheer,
Curses and lash when things go wrong,
Loads are heavy, and days are long.*

*Up with the birds, at dawn's first light,
Back when the stars shine forth at night,
Tired and sore and hungry, too,
A little kindness I ask for you.*



HOMEWARD BOUND

WORK OF LOWELL HUMANE SOCIETY

THE semi-yearly report of the Humane Society of Lowell, Massachusetts, issued by Agent C. F. Richardson, shows an increased number of cases being cared for and that its work is more and more appreciated. During the first six months of 1916, there were 156 fallen and stalled horses assisted, and a total of 3069 horses examined, of which 18 were taken from work. Examination of other animals included 1785 cows and 158 pigs. Of animals humanely destroyed, there were 45 horses, 1397 cats, 384 dogs, and one deer. In the children's department 115 cases were investigated.

POOR HORSES ON CITY STREETS

BY H. L. PIPER

EVENING in the city street, a street where poverty, squalor, crime itself, stalk abroad unheeded and unrebuked. Tired men plod homeward in stolid silence. Women, made old by burdens not years, stand in the doorways to catch the least bit of fresh air which the August night affords. Fretful children quarrel in the gutter. A babel of many tongues without one soothing, harmonious note. But every one of those tired men, burdened women and hot children have, after all, the balm of human companionship waiting them in the home, the street, or in the saloon, which, in spite of the curse it puts on mankind, still furnishes its sense of human companionship.

There are others in that hot street to whom such companionship is denied. Standing with lowered heads the horses wait patiently, dumbly. Not a flicker of an eyelash, not a twitch of an ear; too tired even to switch at the torturing flies. All day long they have been out on the road, drawing huckster's cart or peddler's wagon. Dust has caked on their sweaty bodies, marked here and there with welts from a whip. The weary road, the dust and the whip are forgotten for a time; they are glad of this chance to stand still, even in the harness, while their masters get supper.

These are not the upper crust of peddler horse society, not the strong, well cared for horses which traverse the more prosperous streets in the suburbs with their loads of bananas and oranges. Such horses are long since in their comfortable stalls. These are the horses of Eighth Street, the place of last resort, and they have been out, far out, over the back country roads where prosperity is not and where hard bargains are driven home. Their owners earn little money and have neither the time, means nor inclination to care for their horses well. A horse to them represents a few dollars of necessary outlay for the summer business; something that will wear out and be useless by fall.

The real story of the dumb suffering of the day comes a little later when the men come out and start their horses for the stables, or what pass for stables. A great gray horse, once strong and proud, now gaunt and abject, heaves a great sigh as he is called on to move. Well may he sigh, for on his shoulder is a livid, festering gall. How a man would cry out in pain if such a sore on his body were touched! Yet the great horse has plodded on all day, every step pressing the galled shoulder against the collar with torturing force. Night will bring relief from motion but it will bring no cooling wash or ointment.

The gray is but one of many sufferers on the street. Galled shoulders, sore backs, feet so tender that it is torture to stand on them, all show with horrible clearness when the horses are again forced into motion. Farther down the street is a light built bay mare, once someone's driving pet. She has drawn a heavy load of scrap iron in from the back road farms, and stands with head hanging wearily. She

(Continued on page 76)

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, October, 1916

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts of over 1200 words in length.

DR. ALBERT LEFFINGWELL

HIS host of friends both on this side the ocean and in Europe will learn with deep regret of the serious illness of Dr. Albert Leffingwell, of Aurora, New York. No man of our own or any other day has given to the subject of vivisection a more painstaking, intelligent and accurate study than Dr. Leffingwell. Never taking the extreme position of total prohibition of the practice, always arrayed against its cruelties and abuses, contending for its wise and legitimate supervision by the state, he brought to the subject years ago the trained faculties of a physician and the gracious heart of a humanitarian. His investigations have been carried on in Europe and America for nearly half a century, and in the neighborhood of the world's finest libraries where the history of the subject and the most trustworthy works on medicine and surgery were at hand for consultation. When a statement has come from his pen men have long since learned that back of the statement were the facts to corroborate it.

His latest book, "An Ethical Problem," is the fine fruitage of years of thought and investigation. Its fairness, its perfect sanity, its scientific accuracy, its freedom from all controversial bitterness and bias, make it the one unrivalled work upon the subject of vivisection.

Though the years have multiplied for this unflinching friend of humanity, this foe of all cruelty to sentient life, we devoutly hope he will be spared for years yet of service to the cause to which he has devoted so great a part of a long, noble life.

F.H.R.

NOTE.—Since the above was written a telegram has been received announcing the death of Dr. Leffingwell, Friday, September first. To those who must mourn most deeply his loss we extend, in behalf of all the humane societies of the land, our heartfelt sympathy.

A HERO OF PEACE

THE late Father Bertrand, P. F. M., for many years superior of the leper asylum at Gotembia, Japan, requested a short time before he died that he might be buried in the leper cemetery among the afflicted ones to whom he had given such loving care. The archbishop not only consented to this, but honored the funeral of this faithful apostle by his presence. After the mass the lepers, with tears streaming down their pallid cheeks, bore the coffin to the cemetery near the chapel and the lepers' friend was laid to rest near the scene of his labors."

A NEW VETERINARIAN

THE Angell Memorial Animal Hospital has been obliged, because of its constantly growing work, to add another to its staff of resident veterinarians. This is Joseph G. M. DeVita, V. M. D. Dr. DeVita is a graduate of the Veterinary College of the University of Pennsylvania. He has served as an assistant for some time to Dr. G. L. Cheney of New Haven, Connecticut. Though a careful student of veterinary medicine in its various branches he has given particular attention to the diseases and injuries of smaller animals. He comes to us with the highest commendations from Dean Louis A. Klein of the Veterinary College of the University of Pennsylvania.

NOT VICIOUS, JUST HUMAN

THEY brought him to the Hospital for an operation. They said he was vicious, ugly; that he was born that way. He did seem to bear out his bad name. He struck at the attendants, kicked at them, plunged so violently when brought to the operating table that it was decided wise not to attempt to put him on it. He was taken into a large room, thrown on to a deep bed of shavings, chloroformed, and the operation performed. When he came out from under the influence of the anesthetic he seemed ready to take up the battle anew. We wondered how we should ever be able to dress that hind foot. Gentleness, patience soon won the day. He became convinced no one would hurt him. He responded to the kindness shown. It turned out that in trying to operate on him elsewhere he had been subjected to many brutal methods until he grew to think every man was his enemy. He needed a change of mind. The fault was not his. One of the greatest horsemen of the country has said, "I never saw a mean horse. I have seen them made so by those who have handled them, but I never yet have faced one that kindness and firmness have not finally transformed."

F.H.R.

"THE HOT DOG"

THIS term, applied to a sandwich made of a roll and a bologna sausage, is quite as repulsive as the thing it stands for. Though many young people think it quite a lark to eat these sandwiches on special occasions, they would never think of touching them did they know how the most of them are made. We have often declared that the cheap, often wholly unfit meat boned out of the carcasses of diseased animals formed no small part of the ingredients of bologna sausages.

Take the following illustration: Near Lowell a man had a cow die by strangulation. He bled her and then sold the carcass to a cheap butcher. When the carcass was dressed the inspector refused either to condemn it or to pass it. The butcher then sold it to a dealer who boned it out and sold it to a large packing company which used it for bologna sausages. For confirmation of our statement see court record. Yet, to our personal knowledge the flesh of cows in far worse condition than this one is being cleaned from the skeleton and sold for just this human food. If a "hot dog" sounds like something unfit for food, its character sustains its name.

F.H.R.

THE sword, after all, is but a hideous flash in the darkness.

VICTOR HUGO

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will

SAVING HIS EYES

A FRIEND who has been the owner for nearly fifteen years of "a shaggy black and gray mite" of a dog, writes us that she is perfectly confident the dog's excellent sight at this advanced age has been due to keeping the hair clipped from in front of the eyes. The letter further expresses the belief that many long-haired dogs early become blind because of the strain upon the eyes made necessary by looking out through so heavy a mass of hair. Of course the first reply will be "Leave nature alone. If it put the hair there, there's where it ought to be." But did nature put it there? She claims it did not; that in a state of nature no dogs would be found with hair hanging over their eyes; that it has been only by inbreeding and crossing that this result has come about.



"PEGGY"

Our friend's claim, however, that the hair left to grow over the eyes often causes cataracts, and is responsible for early blindness, seems to us most rational. She writes, "the theory that this veil should be left before the eyes has tortured millions of pets whose owners would prefer the dog's comfort to added points for prize winning."

We wonder what other experienced owners of long-haired dogs have to say to this assertion, that, beginning with puppyhood the hair should be kept cut away sufficiently not to interfere with the vision? Our veterinarians here at the Hospital say she is right. Naturally one would not remove the hair from the face of a dog well on in years whose sight had already been weakened by the strain of peering out through a mesh of tangled fur.

However this may strike our readers who are the owners of such dogs, here at least is the picture of "Peggy," nearly fifteen, sight unimpaired, the hair never having been allowed to grow down before her eyes.

F.H.R.

KILLING THE LOBSTER

HOWEVER low the nervous organism of the lobster why not destroy him at once before boiling him? Insert a narrow-bladed knife into the third joint of the tail, severing the spinal cord, and death ensues immediately.

F.H.R.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
 Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
 Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
 Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
 EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
 S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
 GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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ALFRED BOWDITCH LAURENCE MINOT
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Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance), Brookline 6100

NOTICE:—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston

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 (THOS. LANGLAN)

FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. } *Veterinarians*
 H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. }

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined.....	2368
Number of prosecutions.....	27
Number of convictions.....	25
Horses taken from work.....	143
Horses humanely destroyed.....	138
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	20,036
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	68

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges a bequest of \$980 from Miss Phebe S. Burlingame. It has received gifts of \$500 from Mrs. R. D. E., \$84.88 from E. T. P., \$30 from W. H. R., \$25 each from P. H. H. and S. K. A., and \$20 from Miss S. A. D.; and, for summer work for horses, \$100 from Mrs. C. N. C., \$30 from Mrs. M. J. P., and \$25 from C. W.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson of Middleboro.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$200 from two New York friends for foreign work and \$200 for home work, \$102.26 from "a Rhode Island friend," and \$52.97 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature.

Boston, September 12, 1916.

HORSES WATERED IN AUGUST

DURING the month of August the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with its watering stations and its two traveling water carts, watered 81,010 horses in the city of Boston. Of these, 28,087 were watered at the wharf station, and 23,361 at the Copley Square station.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } *Resident*

J. G. M. DE VITA, V.M.D. } *Assistants*

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S. } *Visiting*

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } *Veterinarians*

T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S. }

Treatment for sick or injured animals

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

Small Pet Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

Address 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
 Telephone, Brookline 6100

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

Cases entered.....	244
Dogs.....	106
Cats.....	55
Horses.....	82
Rat.....	1
Operations.....	93

Free Dispensary

Cases.....	317
Dogs.....	220
Cats.....	80
Horses.....	10
Birds.....	7
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915,	3460
Free Dispensary cases.....	4439
Total.....	7899

ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW

BY ordering and having your fuel for the winter delivered as soon as possible you will save many a horse from slipping on the icy streets in winter, and perhaps save many of these faithful workers from having their legs broken. "BE KIND TO ANIMALS," and your fireside will be the more enjoyable in the winter months. DO IT NOW!

CINCINNATI CONVENTION

YOU are invited to attend the fortieth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, Cincinnati, Ohio, October 16-19, 1916. There will be many new features at the meeting, including schools for humane methods, and a mass meeting of the school children of Cincinnati in the largest hall in the city with new humane film pictures. The last evening of the Convention will be devoted to a teachers' institute, showing how instructions in humane education may be given, accompanied by moving picture films. One afternoon session will be devoted to a full discussion of the American Red Star Animal Relief, recently organized by the American Humane Association at the request of the United States Secretary of War.

CALLER—"Have you a few moments to spare, sir?"

Capitalist—"Young man, my time is worth \$100 an hour, but I'll give you ten minutes."

Caller—"Thanks, but if it's all the same to you, sir, I believe I'd rather take it in cash."

THE VACATION HOME GIFT SHOP

We thank all who are helping to build the fund necessary for our Vacation Home. During the coming fall and winter such work must be done and such money acquired that the Home will next spring be a working unit of the Society.

Our Hospital is not two years old; nevertheless from its inception it has proved its great value in conserving animal life, and the Home, where all the animal friends and patients may recuperate, is more a crying need now than at any previous time.

The work of raising the Fund is slow yet sure, and all who are interested must work faithfully and steadfastly to attain the object in view.

If everyone who reads this column would send just one dime it would help greatly toward that growing Mile o' Dimes.

If everyone, subscribing for these magazines, would remember the Home, it would help some more: *The Craftsman*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Country Gentleman*.

The Krinklet teacake cutter (\$1.25); the tiny inside Clothesline Reel (25 cents) may be had by mail.

Holiday cards will be a Gift Shop feature this season.

Many articles made and sent by loving hands are for sale all the time; they are attractive, dainty and priced moderately.

Address, Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 386 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts (Telephone, Brookline 6756-W), who has charge of all business connected with this part of the Society's work.

TRY IT AND SEE

ACCORDING to an eminent French scientist, flies show a marked aversion to things that are blue. This fact was first discovered by a French farmer, who kept a number of cows distributed in several sheds. The interior of one of these sheds had, purely by accident, been colored blue. The other stables had white interiors. The farmer soon noticed that, while the cows in the sheds with white walls were driven to the point of frenzy by flies, the cattle housed in the shed with the blue interior were not bothered. The little pests hovered outside this shed; only a stray one, whose sense of color was perhaps not strongly developed, every now and again would be tempted to enter.

The farmer told of his observation, and soon other farmers took to painting their sheds blue, with gratifying results. Now it is a general custom among the cattle-owners in France to tint the interiors of their sheds with a solution made by mixing ten pounds of slacked lime with twenty gallons of water, and then adding one pound of ultramarine. The sheds are tinted with this solution twice during the summer months, with the result that the cattle are pretty generally free from annoyance.

It might be a good plan for owners of horses and cattle in this country to experiment with the use of blue about their stables and out-buildings. Nothing should be neglected which might add to the comfort of dumb beasts during the hot summer months.

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

P. O. Address, Fenway Station

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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A REPORT FROM TURKEY

THROUGH the American Embassy at Constantinople word has been received from Mrs. Alice W. Manning, our representative in Turkey. Mrs. Manning expresses her sorrow that the war has prevented more work in that country, but says that the Band of Mercy has gone on in some of the schools, and that one lantern slide lecture was given in a large Turkish school for boys. The Angell Prize Speaking Contest was held as usual in Robert College, and was a great success. Mrs. Manning expects to remain in Turkey, and will do all the humane work she can, but is handicapped by the irregularity of the mails.

EVERY dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

Humane Work and Needs in Tokyo

THE first work undertaken by the Japan Humane Society, which was started in Tokyo early in 1914, was the erection of drinking troughs for horses and other animals at a few locations in the city selected by the authorities. Twelve troughs are now in full operation. At first the troughs were regarded by many youngsters and other thoughtless individuals as curiosities and things to play pranks with, but this attitude has changed and the tendency to damage and abuse them has almost disappeared. Proper notice boards are placed at each, asking in the names of the city authorities and of the Society, for public cooperation in seeing that the troughs are used for the purposes intended. The great war has had the same effect on the Society as on many other similar organizations and the funds available do not allow the erection of more troughs. Perhaps the City of Tokyo authorities will soon come to see that it is their duty to provide reasonable drinking facilities for the work animals on which the transport, the industries and the general prosperity of the city depend.

In the rapid industrial and commercial advances made by Japan in the past fifty years the Japanese horses have been called on to undertake work for which they are not physically equal. In European industrial countries where the progress has been spread over a much longer period there have been evolved by grading up, types of horses adapted to heavy draft, like the Shire breed in England, the Clydesdale in Scotland, the Percheron in France and others. In Japan such a type has not yet been produced or used and probably never will. One may fancy that the twentieth century Japanese horse looks forward with longing to the time when motor traction may develop far enough to restrict horse haulage to the smaller and more reasonable loads. In the meantime there arises from this a huge economic loss to the nation — the lives and periods of useful service of horses are shortened and even the work is not efficiently done. The city police department has framed regulations regarding the loading, driving and treatment of horses but eighteen months' work by the Society's inspectors leaves the impression that these are not effectively insisted on in major matters while many small details may be.

The Society has investigated the subject of dog-fights in Tokyo and reports that they are organized in accordance with police or other regulations and until these are modified or very strictly carried out there is little hope of abolishing or reducing this vicious amusement.

The present attitude of the public to smaller animals — dogs especially — has greatly changed for the worse since the days of Tsunayoshi in or about the Genroku period, and while there is no occasion to demand a revival of his regulations a great improvement in present practices is desirable.

A beginning in educational work has been made on a small scale among students, and two meetings have been held in the Y. M. C. A.

Thanks to two special efforts — an amateur dramatic entertainment and a bazaar — the Society has been in funds for ordinary work but there is a great call for more effort in several lines.

One inspector and an assistant are employed but it is not possible for two individuals to do all that is desirable. During the past two years the Society has dealt with 3576 cases, of which 881 were for overloading and 2252 for cruel treatment. There ought to be at least one inspector for each Ku so that more detailed inquiry can be made into such matters as the

treatment of poultry, of caged birds, etc. Funds are also required for a small outfit for painless destruction of stray, diseased, wounded or undesired dogs and cats. At times there is a call for first aid veterinary treatment and several members of the profession have indicated their willingness to assist the Society in this respect on payment of the cost of material and medicines. A great deal of good might also be done by arranging for lectures on horse treatment to smaller owners and drivers. On the legal side, the Society would like to take steps in getting a Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act put on the statute books of the country. Likewise there might be occasion to take up test cases of bad instances of working horses with open sores or of dog-fight club breaches of existing regulations. Again, the Society makes a special appeal for support in the work of establishing Children's Leagues and similar junior auxiliaries. Special children's literature is necessary with appearance and matter that will attract and interest young minds. A camera outfit is also desired to take local illustrations to be used in leaflets, pamphlets, and as lantern slides for meetings.

TEACHING KINDNESS IN GENEVA

THROUGH M. Jerome Perinet of Geneva, Switzerland, we have received a letter from a teacher in a girls' school in Geneva, describing the effect of a Band of Mercy organized in her classes last fall. She writes:—

"In the primary schools, talks on morals were a part of the curriculum, but in the secondary schools these are not prescribed. However, I made it a point to continue these talks when I took charge of my present classes. My talks all had one end in view. I wished to impress upon the minds of the pupils the thought of kindness; this must lead to kind actions, thence to habits, and through habits character is formed. I desired to create something permanent, something that would keep these matters in the girls' minds, and then I recalled the Bands of Mercy that M. Perinet is organizing. I received literature from him on this subject, and in October our Band was formed. I made it a rule that each week the pupils should place on my desk notes describing what they had done along this line. Some of the girls did not wish to do this as they considered that the telling of a kindness performed, detracted from the act, but the majority follow this rule. These notes show very plainly the influence of the talks and of the Band itself on the lives of the girls."

One of the most noticeable results is that the girls are trying to break themselves of habits of which they have come to disapprove. Several bemoan their pride, and are trying to overcome it; one girl is placing her home duties before pleasure; still another finds her besetting sin is untidiness, and has greatly pleased and surprised her mother by becoming neat and careful. Since joining the Band, one girl has taken special pains to help her small brother with his lessons, and has succeeded in getting him interested in his work, — something he has not been before. And so the notes continue.

In closing, this teacher says:—

"Although I feel my insufficiency in this work, this first attempt gives me confidence in the future. I am convinced that the Band of Mercy is an excellent means for creating a common bond between teachers and pupils, compelling them both to realize the ideals which are taught."

HAS EVER MORTAL DONE BETTER?

BY REV. CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS, D.D.

A WREN warbles under my window;
 From top of a neighboring tree,
 A thrasher is flooding the region
 With wonderful melody;
 To tangle of branches, a-blooming,
 Which crawl o'er the casement and spill,
 A humming-bird darts, iridescent —
 At flower is buzzingly still;
 A cat-bird is scolding in thicket,
 With occasional sweetness of tone,
 Suggesting a possible singing,
 Which equals the thrasher alone.

Through song and through form and through feather,
 As well as through bloom and through scent,
 I'm charmed to a sensuous pleasure,
 To something like active content;
 So charmed that my thinking's suspended
 Till I hear a "Chip-chippy-chip-chip!"
 From being, with thumb to be measured,
 On a paling, at tip of the tip,
 A bit of a plain little creature,
 With crown of a brick-powder red;
 Its plumage at throat all a-ruffle,
 So up that tips backwards its head.
 No opera-singer, surely,
 Could ever more confident be
 Of power, inherited, cultured,
 Than chippy, so common and wee!

And, chippy, to thee I uncover:
 It is certainly fitting I should;
 Has ever a mortal done better
 Than best, very best, that he could?

ONLY A FLICKER

BY VIRGINIA DENIKE

IT was only a flicker, whose anxiety not to be left unfed by the mother bird caused it to fall from the nest in the high oak, some fifty feet from the ground. Its parents had built their home in a rotting limb in which squirrels had been residing for several years until the season the flickers came. Stunned by the fall, the little furry bunch of quivering life was picked up by Mrs. E. W. Henry of Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, and carried into her kitchen, where everything was done to restore it to consciousness. Bread, ants and worms, fed regularly, soon made the bird strong. Its plumage grew, and today it is a beautiful member of its tribe.

Has it forgotten its benefactor? No. At early dawn the door of the extension in the rear of the house is opened and the flicker flies, no one knows where, but just as soon as the ruddy sun sets in the west the bird returns home to its roost in the room behind the kitchen. This has been going on for over two weeks.

The two cats have been taught to know that the flicker must not be touched. They pass it by, should it be feeding on the lawn, as though it never existed. Should some visitor to the Henry residence be skeptical as to the bird's returning, Mrs. Henry has only to call, and in a few minutes the bird flies toward her.

Is it not wonderful what kindness will do for those who cannot speak? Why this remarkable attachment between this woman and this wildest of wild birds? The neighbors are amazed, and members of the Audubon Society in that vicinity are pleased because they see a lesson in the attachment. Probably when the migrating season comes, the flicker will not be able to resist the "call of the wild." Should it stay, there would be another story.



OXEN STILL ARE SEEN ON BLOCK ISLAND

STEEDS OF YORE

BY DOROTHY F. COCKS

IN these days of "efficiency" the picturesque oxen are fast disappearing before the clattering tractor. It is only in the by-ways of the country, where men live as their fathers did, regardless of the ways of the world, that these lumbering creatures still plod the roads and fields.

Real Block Island, not the Block Island the summer visitor sees, but the innermost heart of the little isle, is an agricultural district. And here, partly because of the poor roads, and partly because they have "always been there," oxen still are seen.

Occasionally one of the antiquated turnouts comes trundling down to the docks, — a crude wagon drawn by a stolid team, prodded into activity by an owner as picturesque as the outfit. And about it flutter the hotel guests "oh-ing" and "ah-ing." The scene is an interesting study in contrasts.

There are some splendid teams on the island, big, brawny animals, heavy and hard, with sleek coats shining like satin. One of their chief uses explains why they have not been replaced by horse or motor. The pounding ocean piles up on the beach every year tons of seaweed. This the frugal farmers collect to use as fertilizer or as ground cover in the pigsties. On the sandy shores a motor truck would fare very badly. And if a wagon loaded with seaweed were to sink deep in the soft sand a horse would find it hard pulling indeed. And so ox-teams are still common on this little island only a few miles from Newport, — still maintained because they fill a need which no modern invention fills as well, — efficiency, after all.

CONSTERNATION was caused among the passengers of the "City of Para" when customs officials, on its arrival, uncovered an attempt to smuggle 2500 aigrettes into this country. A. Davidson, of San Salvador, is said to have had plumes valued at \$1500 in his possession. Q. D. Martinez, purser of the ship, attempted to evade the law by placing 360 aigrettes in an envelope addressed to the office of the ship's owners. — *San Francisco Exchange*.

SUFFERINGS OF POULTRY IN TRANSIT

POULTRY comes in for much suffering when being shipped through the country from one place to another. It is the shipment that goes a long distance that suffers most, especially the one that is subjected to waits at the terminals of branch roads. In the western hill countries much unnecessary cruelty to poultry is prevalent. Fowls are first hauled long distances through the sun to the depot without the slightest regard for their comfort. Then comes the wait for the train in a hot, ill-ventilated, closed room; and in many instances the poor creatures are very badly crowded for space, especially if the farmer has contrived a crate of his own. He seems to have been moved by the idea that to travel safely poultry must be crowded in as small a crate as possible.

The wait for the train on the main line on a truck right out in the hot sun, in a pelting rain, or a driving sleet, are daily happenings of the seasons. In the east the sheltered platforms have ameliorated somewhat the shipping conditions. But some places are still backward, for they show a persistence to inhuman practices in the way they handle crated poultry.

In an express car geese suffer more in transit than any other fowl. It seems the nature of them to be protruding their heads continually through the slats of their crates, and they are invariably being injured by having crates piled on top of them.

It is not always the express messengers' fault, but often it is the lack of space in a car and hurry that adds to the sufferings of geese. The real sufferings, though, are more en route to the depots, and at the small country stations than elsewhere, for no provisions are made for any comforts toward the poor creatures' welfare. But messengers as a body are extremely humane, and when they inflict injury it is done more through the exigencies of the work than anything else. More room in express cars, and shelter at stations could save a deal of suffering when poultry are transported to the big cities.

Doniphan, Missouri. JOHN B. THOMPSON

Carrying fowls with their heads downward and their feet tied together is very cruel, and, in most States, an offense against the law.

POOR HORSES ON CITY STREETS

(Continued from page 71)

fails to respond to the word of the driver. Only the sudden blow from his whip rouses her. But it is only for a few steps. She stumbles, catches herself, then stumbles again and goes down in a weary heap on the pavement. The owner tries to stir her by voice and whip. The crowd gathers. The policeman comes. Short and crisp are his orders. Stand back, people, give her a chance! No use. The merciful bullet is fired quickly and with hardly a tremor one more faithful horse goes out into the night where harsh commands, the whip, weariness and suffering are unknown.

MRS. CAROLINE EARLE WHITE

JUST as we go to press the message comes that Mrs. Caroline Earle White, president of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. and one of the pioneer humane workers in this country, died September 7, at her summer home at Nantucket, Massachusetts. Three weeks later would have been the eighty-third anniversary of her birth, and she had been active until her last sickness. She was a founder of the American Anti-Vivisection Society in 1883, and became one of the most ardent and powerful champions of this cause. As the originator, in 1867, of anti-cruelty work in Philadelphia, her name will go into history with that of Henry Bergh and George T. Angell.

THE SOLDIER'S KISS

(Descriptive of an actual incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders)

ONLY a dying horse! Pull off the gear,
And slip the needless bit from frothing jaws,
Drag it aside there, leave the roadway clear —
The battery thunders on with scarce a pause.

Prone by the shell-swept highway there it lies
With quivering limbs, as fast the life tide fails,
Dark films are closing o'er the faithful eyes
That mutely plead for aid where none avails.

Onward the battery rolls, but one there speeds,
Heedless of comrade's voice or bursting shell,
Back to a wounded friend who lonely bleeds
Beside the stony highway where it fell.

Only a dying horse! He swiftly kneels,
Lifts the limp head and hears the shivering sigh,
Kisses his friend while down his cheek there steals
Sweet Pity's tear; good-bye, old man, good-bye.

No honors wait him, medal, badge or star,
Though scarce could war a kindlier deed unfold;
He bears within his breast, more precious far
Beyond the gift of Kings, a heart of gold.

HENRY CHAPPELL, in an English Exchange.

Pet Animals with the National Guard

SOLDIERS, who are generally supposed to live only to kill or to be killed, are in fact a very humane set of men. The mobilization of the National Guard has proved this. Pictures have been printed in newspapers and magazines all over the country, showing soldier boys with a variety of mascots from meek doves to the wildest of native animals.

These pets were brought to the various camps at no end of trouble and sometimes expense, to soldiers who love animals.

In Camp Willis, Columbus, Ohio, where the Ohio National Guard has been mobilized, a menagerie could be made up of pets that are kept in the tents and fed by the boys. Dogs of course are innumerable. They love soldier life because they are given endless attention by hundreds and their meals are better and more regular than they ever were in the city.

Henry Wilson, bugler with the Sixth Ohio regiment, has a brindle bulldog which insists upon sleeping with him, sitting beside him and baying while the master blows his taps, and he is now an essential part of the evening guard-mount parade.

Cats have appeared in camp like magic. They are well fed. When the Sixth regiment arrived in camp, one trooper was pictured in numerous papers. Besides his heavy equipment on his back, he marched into camp with a bird-cage strapped alongside his canteen with a playful kitten in the cage. The kitten has enjoyed liberty since, but the cage is ready for her if the troops move to the border.

The Fifth regiment, of Cleveland, collected \$50 and purchased a small monkey from an animal store, before coming to camp. The monkey was very wild at first, but he is as tame as a kitten now. He is not chained. Camp life with him is a pleasure. Everyone buys him tempting things. He plays with the boys and uses his teeth like a gentle dog. He has not bitten anyone. Jimmie, as he is called, gets a world of fun in swinging on tent ropes and climbing around. He plays with pup dogs and enjoys it, but he must keep away from older dogs.

An infection developed in a cut he received in camp. The camp veterinarian immediately lanced the sore and Jimmie was cured in a short time. The natural trait of the monkey to pick himself caused him much pain, as the stitches were put in him when he was under an anesthetic and he insisted upon pulling them out when he came to. The wound is now healing up without the aid of stitches.

Another company has a young fox, which has become very tame. He is playful and likes to rough it around with friendly dogs. He was found in a trap in a woods, while a troop

of men were out on a tramp. They released him. Boys in the hospital corps fixed up his wounded foot and bandaged it and the animal shows a real appreciation. He enjoys the entire freedom of the camp and causes no trouble.

Company F, Sixth, of Defiance, was given a wild raccoon before leaving the home armory. The animal was kept in a cage at first. Now he is as meek, gentle and playful as a puppy. He visits all over camp with friends he has spotted. He is as curious as a tom-cat. He investigates everything. Musicians at first had lots of fun laying their large bass horns on the ground. "Greaser," as he is called, would investigate the entire horn and end up by climbing into the bell of the horn as far as his body could go. There is a dense woods near the camp but human kindness appears to be more of an inducement to the animal than his natural haunts.

The Toledo park board presented Company A, signal corps, with a white goat before leaving Toledo. He is called Mexico Mex. Recently Mex was attacked at night by a vicious bulldog. The dog badly lacerated the animal's hide before a sentry rescued the goat. The battalion veterinarian was roused out of bed. He worked an hour over Mex, stitching him up. The animal came out of the anesthetic very weak. An unused ambulance was covered up with canvas and Mex was placed inside. Sweet clover, milk and other tempting things were brought to him, and he is about again, well and strong.

Artillerymen have a mule mascot. Parrots are numerous. One soldier had a mole, but the animal was lost somehow.

These pets pass many pleasant hours for the boys. They are all young and playful and the soldiers are wonderfully attached to them. No doubt an order will be given out, preventing the carrying of these mascots on trains to the border for sanitary reasons. The animals will not be the only ones who will feel lonesome.

Anticipating this order, a troop of cavalrymen investigated a farmer milkman who came to the camp, who was greatly attached to the goat. They found the man to be gentle and they presented him with the animal.

"YOUR husband has been ill," said the caller. "Yes," replied the little worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him."

"Is his condition critical?"

"It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh; "it's abusive."



FLOCK OF SEVEN THOUSAND SHEEP ON ONE OF THE BROAD PLAINS OF ALBERTA

IN DEFENSE OF THE WREN

BY MRS. C. A. GUYTON

DR. CRANE says, "Don't believe all you hear and not much you see." Now I can't believe a writer in a newspaper who says the house wren must go. I do not know how much is true of the Biological Survey Report, but I do know that I have been raising the house wrens on my verandas for over thirty years and have never caught them troubling other birds' nests.

We raise many kinds of song-birds, among them, tomtits, cardinals, bellbirds, thrashers, mocking-birds, bluebirds, orioles, and many others. They all live in harmony except the blue jay and English sparrow. They both will not only eat the eggs of other birds but eat the young too. The blue jay seems to take a great joy in picking to pieces the nests of other birds. I have caught both the jay and sparrow in the act of eating the young birds and new eggs of our finest song-birds.

The best protector all of our birds have had so far is the house wren. In winter I have seen as many as seven different kinds of birds, hungry, but unable to get to the food placed for them till the wren came down and drove the jays away, then they would all eat together. Sometimes we have as many as twelve kinds of song-birds feeding just outside our living-room windows during morning or afternoon, and they look to the wren to drive away their enemies, whether cats, bad boys or blue jays.

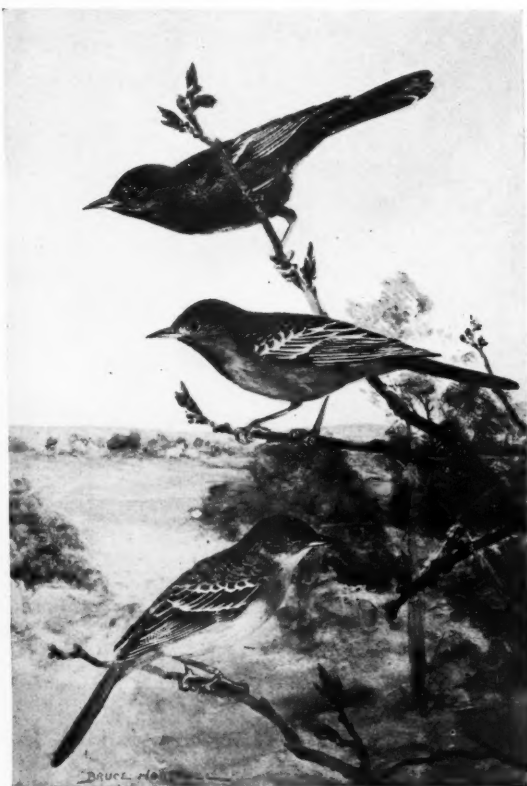
Last Sunday I had been watching some bellbirds, catbirds and wrens feeding their babies in a crab-apple tree near the veranda, and a jay slipped up and caught one little fellow that had been learning to fly. A dozen or more birds of all kinds fought the jay from tree to tree. After the little fellow stopped crying they gave up, all but the house wrens, which followed the thief across the lawn until it was almost dark.

I have big crooked-necked gourds hanging around for the wrens in which they have raised four broods this season, and I hope they will raise more. They stay with us all the year.

To destroy the wren would be persecution, and neither just nor righteous. Here's to the little house wren; may their kind increase!

ANIMALS UNDER SHELL FIRE

THE proverbial sphinx-like imperturbability of cats is once again demonstrated by the fact that pussy is the only quadruped known to face shells without a natural feeling of trepidation, says an English exchange. Even after two years of devastating bombardment, Ypres, the dead city of the Flanders plain, still boasts a number of cats which prowl and flourish in this wilderness of calcined debris. Horses are more human, inasmuch as they are afraid of shells, but endeavor to show a bold front. Dogs are the greatest cowards, and the sound of a "Jack Johnson" sets them running as fast as their legs can carry them from the danger zone. Perhaps, however, the most unaffected of all natural life within sound of the guns are larks and sparrows. These birds treat a hurricane fire with aloofness and contempt, singing and chirping through all the din as if the uproar were but an uninvited accompaniment to their song.



Photograph from Audubon Society

ORCHARD ORIOLES

FULL PROTECTION FOR BIRDS

A TREATY for the protection of migratory birds in the United States and Canada was recently signed by our Secretary of State and the British Ambassador. As soon as it is ratified by the Canadian Parliament, of which there is no doubt, the birds become the subject of international law and are assured that protection which alone can save them from destruction.

The treaty marks the greatest and most important step ever taken in the direction of bird protection. It means a victory not alone for those who have worked manfully with voice and pen, who have labored with legislatures and congresses for long-deferred action upon a subject of paramount national importance; it means also a victory to every man and woman, girl and boy, in the United States, to whom the birds are friends and helpers that cannot be spared.

The necessity of an international law has been apparent for several years, owing to the differences and inconsistencies in the laws of the States. To protect a bird's life while it winters in Louisiana and to abandon it to the tender (?) mercies of a hundred Michigan hunters in summer, meant little progress in bird-life conservation. It is said that the treaty now signed meets all the conditions that could be desired. At no very distant time it is to be hoped that all North America, including Mexico and the States to the southward, will be one vast territory where safety and protection are guaranteed to those birds whose lives and usefulness even the whole world needs. W.M.M.

WILL nations never devise a more rational umpire of difference than force? JEFFERSON

THE WHISTLE OF "BOB WHITE"

BY JAKE H. HARRISON

THE whistle of "Bob White" is sweet,
His love-call is entrancing,
Its flute-like sylvan melody
The chords of life enhancing;
As standing on the old rail fence
He pipes it in the morning,
Protruding chest and lordly air
All thought of danger scorning.

And then at noon he calls again,
This time a trifle louder,
His head erect with dignity
His bearing somewhat prouder;
For he, in truth, has won a mate
To cheer him through the season,
Therefore, is not amenable
To either rhyme or reason.

Again when Sol is in the west
And shades of night are falling,
From somewhere near a safe retreat
We hear him softly calling;
A cautious pleading in his tone,
Though not to love a stranger,
In which he begs his errant mate
To come away from danger.

And then when nesting time has come
And parent pride is nearing,
He whistles often to his mate
Her patient labor cheering;
And oh, his tone is loving then,
Is full of trills erratic,
Expressing in their rhapsody
A state of mind ecstatic!

And then when cheeping midgots creep
And dart about their mother,
His whistle takes an anxious tone,
It changes altogether;
He knows a host of enemies
Are seeking their destruction,
And bids them all to watch and ward
In every direction.

When dread November comes at last,
And men and dogs together,
Go forth with murder in their hearts,
That chills the autumn weather;
His whistle is a frightened wail,
Dumbfounded, broken-hearted,
And nearly always, in the end,
A dirge for the departed!

"BOBBIE"

IN the *Minute Man* of Concord, Massachusetts, Mrs. Georgie N. Tanner, of that town, "one of Bobbie's many friends," pays this touching tribute to a neighbor's little dog:

Bobbie, Jarvis Derby's faithful little fox terrier, is dead! It happened all so quickly for him, who had been such a loving little fellow — run over by an automobile driven at high speed by a boy who didn't stop to learn how the little victim was suffering. After nine days of acute pain the broken foot was amputated.

At the Angell Memorial Hospital more suffering and then the decision that the whole leg must come off, so Bobbie was put to sleep and we feel sure he is safe in the kingdom where there is room for him to run about.

I am sure of one thing — no dog I have ever known would have left a little fellow creature wounded by the roadside.

But dogs are different from people, let us thank a merciful God for that.



"BREAKING INTO PRINT"

A Cat of the London Streets

FRANCES MARGARET FOX in *Queen's Gardens*

THE cat had fought his way through life; you read that fact in the irregular outlines of his battle-worn ears; you knew it by the way he held his unconquered head and switched his warlike tail. He was not a cat to oppress the weak or take advantage of the less fortunate; but he knew how to hold his own, having taken lessons also before his eyes were opened.

He didn't know who his father was, nor his mother's name; he recognized no brothers or sisters; an outcast from the beginning, he had learned to be at home on the London streets, snatching a bite to eat here and there as happened, and sleeping wherever he could, until, like human outcasts of that same London, he was told to "move on."

He was kicked and cuffed and often half starved; yet that cat was usually happy. He never had been acquainted with a cat handsomer than himself, and he spent a great deal of time washing his face and keeping his coat clean, which is a fine thing for any cat to do, and which won for this cat not only name and distinction, but put him in a position to be a great help to hundreds of other unfortunate cats.

It happened this way: the cat was taking a walk on London Bridge one morning, when a lady who belonged to the Society for Protection of Cats noticed him. She knew in a minute that he was a stray cat, but she saw also that he was a fine fellow, clean and in perfect health.

"I must have that cat!" said she, and straightway sent men to capture him; then she named him Tabs.

At first Tabs was frightened and indignant; but before he had lived many days in the "Stray Cats' Shelter and Boarding Home," where he was taken and kindly treated, he learned that he had nothing to fear, and much to eat; which is doubtless the reason why he purred and purred and began stepping high as would a cat of consequence. He invited several cats to fight with him, but fighting was not allowed in the home.

At last came the great adventure of Tabs' life. He was taken to the National Cat Show in the

Crystal Palace, which was held on Thursday and Friday, October 26 and 27, in the year 1905. Of course he would not have been admitted, had he not been in perfect health. At the show, he was given the center of the stage, so to speak, because his box was in the middle, at the end of the room opposite the entrance.

So there was Tabs on exhibition with England's prize cats: and before that time Tabs had had no way of knowing that there were such cats in the world as he saw in satin and velvet-lined boxes in the great hall.

Perhaps the cat was too surprised for words, but certain it is that he settled down comfortably in his box and winked and blinked at the passing crowd, not knowing that he was the only cat at the show who was doing something for those less fortunate than himself. On his box was a card bearing these words:

"TABS BEGS A SUBSCRIPTION!
ST. LEONARD'S AND HASTINGS SOCIETY FOR THE
PROTECTION OF CATS.
STRAY CATS' SHELTER AND BOARDING HOME!"

Silver and gold coins continually dropped in the cup attached to Tabs' box, and kind words were continually said to that cat of the London streets, that never before had been recognized by great ladies and gentlemen.

The cat taking first prize at that National Cat Show was known as "Ch. Fulmer Zaida," and she was valued at five thousand dollars; but Tabs, whose value was nothing in money, won gold and silver to be used in the care of other stray cats, and a home for himself at the Crystal Palace.

LECTURER—"The idea of eternity, my friends, is something too vast for the human mind to conceive."

Voice from audience—"Did you ever pay for a seven-hundred-dollar piano on the installment plan?"

The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy

GEO. T. ANGELL AND REV. THOS. TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT } *State Organizers*

L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Forty-seven new Bands of Mercy were reported in August, of which 37 were in Kentucky; 5 in West Virginia; three in Maine; and one each in Massachusetts and South Carolina. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Brookline, Massachusetts: Vacation Home.

Bath, Maine: Military and Naval Orphan Asylum, 2.

Popham Beach, Maine: Sunday-School.

Columbia, South Carolina: Louisa Logan.

Bands in West Virginia

Fort Gay: Forks of Hurricane.

Hubbardstown: Hubbardstown.

Prichard: Big Hurricane; Lakin; Little Hurricane.

Bands in Kentucky

Asa: Lincoln.

Ashland: Sunlight; Protector.

Barnetts Creek: Hurricane; Hollyhook; Barnetts Creek.

Best: Big Branch.

Bloomington: James Pratee.

Bradley: Golden.

Brownlow: Plutarch; Christian; Moonlight.

Crowley: Mash Fork.

Dana: Columbian.

Denver: Japan; Denver; Buckhorn.

Elm Rock: Decoy.

Elsie: Low Lap; Grease Valley.

Falcon: Camp Ground.

Gifford: Beech Grove.

Handshoe: Swiss Mines.

Ivyton: Ivy; Patrick; Burning Fork.

Leander: Mill Creek.

Omaha: Carr's Fork.

Paintsville: Staffordsville; Beech Tree.

Plutarch: Rock Lick.

Raven: Caney's Creek.

Redway: Millard.

Salyersville: Elk Creek.

Unity: Unity.

Wheelerburg: Litteral; Excelsior.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 102,616

FROM THE SAN JUAN SCHOOL

THE following letter came to the office of the Parent American Band of Mercy from an Indian boy who wished to join the organization after reading one of our leaflets:

Shiprock, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

I hereby signed my name and want to be one of the members of the Band of Mercy by taking the pledge.

I am a Navajo Indian school-boy, here at Shiprock Agency. I have been in school here for nearly five years. I am very interested in living creatures, ever since when I came to this Government school.

I had found the pledge in one of the leaflets which was left here by my teacher, last June and so I thought I would like to join and do everything I can for all living creatures and protect them from all kinds of harm and danger.

I had no one here to talk to and help me, but I thought I will do it myself, even though my teacher is not here.

Yours truly,

EUGENE TAP-AH-ON-SO.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

BY J. P. CAMPBELL

THE Wood Thrush said to the Oriole:
*"What a pretty place for a rest
 On top of that limb; of all the sites
 I think it is far the best."*

*"Oh, no, no, no," said the Oriole,
 "Not on that stiff, awkward thing;
 I like the little boughs farther out
 Where my nest can have a swing."*

*And then the Pewee spoke up and said:
 "Unto me now it would seem,
 The choicest place in the world to build
 Is in the barn on a beam."*

*Just then Miss Bluebird came flying up
 And said from her very soul:
 "The only place for a homelike nest
 Is up somewhere in a hole."*

A LETTER FROM ARKANSAS



ROBIN SHEPHERD SHIRAS is my little dog. A friend of my father gave him to me. He sits up on his hind legs. He also stands up on his hind legs and walks. When we start to bathe him he shakes and shudders. Then when we get him bathed we put him in a wire pen out in the yard to dry. He is a long-haired poodle, and when summer came he got so hot that we cut his hair. Mother cut it while Grandma held him. He eats boiled eggs and meat. Peter, my old cat, does not like him. He is my play-fellow and runs and plays with me. I am a little girl six years old. I read *Our Dumb Animals* and love animals and birds and I hope you will put my little dog's picture in your magazine.

ETHEL SHIRAS,

Mountain Home, Arkansas.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

The answers to the animal puzzle in the September number are as follows:

1. Pig-MENT; 2. S-cow; 3. Dog-GED; 4. A-mule-T; 5. S-hare; 6. Emu-LATE.

Another series of Mr. Wellman's animal puzzles will be published in the November issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.

THE GOVERNOR AND HIS DOG

THE town of Zug is in Switzerland, near the great Saint Gotthard Pass, with its peaks all covered with shining ice and heavy banks of snow. Sometimes the sunshine melts them a little, and then great masses go sliding down the mountain side, covering everything in their path. It was near this town that a dog once made himself famous by saving the lives of two persons. The story is told in *The Olive Leaf* as follows:

Many years ago, the young governor of the province was riding over the Saint Gotthard, and with him were his servant and pet dog. Right at the top of the pass a swift avalanche came sweeping down, and governor, servant and dog were in an instant buried beneath it.

The dog was the first to shake off the terrible load. He barked and howled and moaned, but could not find his master. After a while he seemed to understand that something had happened to his beloved master, and, with a loud bark, he turned and hurried back to the little inn that he had seen as they passed it in the morning. His whines and howls and nervous calls and scratching gave the people to understand that some accident had occurred, and snatching up pickaxes and snow-shovels, they followed him. When they reached the place, the faithful dog stopped suddenly, plunged his face in the snow, and began to scratch it up, all the while whining and barking. The men set to work at once, found the poor governor, and dragged him out, and after some work they rescued the servant. The men were barely alive. They had heard the howling and barking of the dog, noticed his departure, and given up all hope.

The faithful dog almost died for joy when he saw his master's face again, and the grateful master resolved that his dog should never be forgotten. He sent for a great artist, and told him to make a beautiful statue, that all the world might know of the faithfulness of the dog and the gratitude of the man. There you will find it in the little church at Zug,—the marble tomb of the governor, with his beloved dog resting at his feet.



A PENNSYLVANIA LAD AND HIS PET

A VERY UNUSUAL DOG

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

A FRIEND wishes me to write you about little Peter. Perhaps I should not say little as Peter is eight years old and said, quite indignantly the other day, when told he was nothing but a baby, "No, I am not." Peter is a Boston terrier and quite as intelligent as most boys of his age. We have taught him to bark once for "yes," four times for "no, I am not," or any of the noes. He counts, adds, and subtracts correctly, spells over twenty different words, is interested in politics and religion. He knows who is President and has decided opinions in regard to his Mexican policy, but then Peter is a republican and may be prejudiced. Peter is a Congregationalist and will agree to no other creed. He knows the ministers of our four churches by name and always answers correctly as to which denomination they belong. He tells what part of New Hampshire our town, Winchester, is in, the zone he lives in, and many other things in geography. Asked what he will do for his country, he is "dead." Of course he does all the usual tricks, dancing, singing a song, jumping, sneezing, etc. In fact, there seems to be nothing Peter cannot be taught—but I have said enough.

Very sincerely yours,

J. G. JENNINGS

Winchester, N. H., July 31, 1916.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This account seemed so unusual that we expressed our doubts to the writer, who replied as follows:

"I do not intend to convey the impression that Peter 'talks' otherwise than by barking. In spelling he barks the number of letters in a word, as in 'Winchester' he barks ten times, 'cat,' three times. Of course I ask him about the different ministers and creeds, also about politics, but no one, hearing him reply, would doubt his understanding the subject. In arithmetic, if I say, 'Add two and two,' he barks four times; if I say, 'Subtract three from five,' he barks twice, and so on. The people below not only vouch for my veracity but also feel that I could have written much more and then only have done justice to Peter's wonderful intelligence." She gives the names of five prominent residents, one of whom is known personally to us.

"ONLY A LITTLE DOG"

The following lines were written as a tribute to a little dog which died at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, by one who loved her.

ONE wintry day there came into our home a little dog
Bearing a Christmas greeting.

Her soft brown eyes looked into ours with trust so great
We could not fail to give her kindly welcome,
And when with clever tricks, and merry little ways
She gained each day some bit of doggy wisdom,
And grew so much more beautiful and dear,
We found ourselves held fast in tender thought for her.
And well repaid were we with love and gratitude.
Never an unkind or unfaithful thought entered her little head.

We had not dreamed that she could make so warm a place
Within our hearts, that till she came
Had no conception of a love like hers.

And when at last she went, alone, out of this life
She left us grieved and wondering: Is this the end?
They say there is no room in all the life to come for
such a friend.

"Only a little dog," but she has opened wide our hearts
To all God's tiny creatures,
Can it be true that in His universe there is no place
For love like hers to live, and find us once again?

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.
FOR AUGUST, 1916

Bequest of \$980 from Miss Phebe S. Burlingame of North Adams.

Members and Donors

Mrs. R. D. E., \$500, P. H. H., \$25, S. K. A., \$25, W. H. R., \$30, and for the Vacation Home for Horses, \$5, Miss S. A. D., \$20, H. F. L., \$15, sundry donations, \$12.13, Mrs. D. M. C., \$3, Mrs. A. C. W., \$3, and for the Angell Memorial Hospital, E. T. P., \$84.88, sundry donations, \$17.25.

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Mrs. C. N. C., \$100, Mrs. M. J. P., \$30, C. W., \$25, Miss A. W. M., \$15, W. H. R., \$5, Mrs. E. E. L., \$5, Miss H. L., \$5, Mrs. F. G. M., \$3.50, Mrs. C. M. L. S., \$2, A. W. R., \$2, R. G. H., \$1, Miss E. C. W., \$1, L. M. T., \$1, Interest and sundries, \$763.18. Total \$2930.94.
The American Humane Education Society, \$530.

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All others, \$7.20. Total \$168.05.

Sales of publications, ambulance, etc., \$586.59.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR AUGUST, 1916

Two New York friends for home work, \$200, and for foreign work, \$200; a R. I. friend, \$102.36; a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$52.97; sundries, \$16.49; Mrs. M. F. L., \$15; a friend, \$15; South Bend Humane Society, \$10; Miss L. B., \$5; Mrs. W. R. N., \$2.32; M. C. R., \$2.25; C. J., \$2.10; Rev. F. R. B., \$1.50; Mrs. C. H., \$1.50; N. H. D., \$1.35; M. H. D., \$1.31; Mrs. C. H. W., \$1.25; A. M. B., \$1.20; Mrs. B. C., \$1; J. A. R., \$1; Mrs. T., \$1.
Interest, \$956.66.

I HAVE often seen, with an anguish of mind infinitely sad, the soul of animals appear in the depths of their eyes,—the soul of a cat, the soul of a dog, the soul of a monkey,—as sorrowful for an instant as the soul of a child, revealing itself suddenly in a look, searching my own soul with tenderness, supplication or terror. And I, perhaps, have had more pity for these souls of animals than for those of my brothers, because they are without speech and incapable of coming out of their half-night; and, especially, because they are more humble and more disdained.

PIERRE LOTI

Entered at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

KINDNESS PAYS

KINDNESS pays. It pays because the world needs it as constantly as it needs the sunlight and the dew, and men could no more do without it than without food and raiment. It always pays to give the world what it really needs.

It pays because in kindness there is strength. It is not, as many suppose, a sign of weakness. It is a mark of that strength which is truest and best. No man is so strong as he who knows the secret of gentleness.

It pays because it wins the heart. There is no other such wealth as that of friendship, and there is no other such friend as the friend who remembers a kindness.

It pays because there is all too little of it abroad in the earth, and what supply there is is always at a premium.

It pays because no one is ever very far from the shining way who carries a loving heart within his breast, whose lips are careful to avoid unkind words, and whose hands are trained to helpful things.

It pays because it knows a greater strength than that of force. It can melt its way through many a place where all the terrors of force can not drive a path.

It pays because it never has an ax to grind. It wins the world's good opinion by avoiding the very appearance of self-seeking.

It pays because it represents the highest law of human society—the law of altruism.

It always seeks to serve the other fellow, and, when it can not serve him, it at least manages not to hinder him.

It pays because it is true, and men everywhere are looking for something that is really true. Whatever else it may not be, kindness is sincere and faithful.

It pays because it reacts on one's own character. Each time he remembers to be kind, he makes another reach toward the height of real kingliness. It is thus that kindness never loses its reward.

It pays because it is often returned with interest, and if it is never returned at all, the angels do not forget to give credit.—*Boys' World*.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals. The Societies solicit correspondence and will be glad to furnish all further details.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1888

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the
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DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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Our Dumb Animals, June, 1915, to May

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How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp.	.60 "
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